

RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.

HUDSON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1824.

No. 12.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE FREE PRESS.

LAFITTE,

OR THE

Baratarian Chief.

A TALE.

" P. The man is a fool who surrenders himself to such unmanly, such womanish weakness !

" L. Hast thou ever loved ?

" P. Never.

" L. Then confine thy reproaches to subjects thou canst understand. The oak which has bowed to the blast, may again become erect and majestick—the country which the earthquake has desolated, may again become verdant and beautiful :—But the heart, whose finest feelings have been chilled by the icy hand of misfortune—whose fondest hopes have been destroyed in their bud—never recovers from the shock, but remains leafless, ruinous, desolate and forsaken !"

OLD PLAY.

" MAY I never see the white cliffs of old England again, if I am not heartily glad to escape from this horrid hole !" cried or rather muttered a weatherbeaten, rough, hardy looking seaman, as we seated ourselves under the awning of the steamboat which was to convey us, with several other passengers from the city of New-Orleans, to vessels which were waiting for us at the English Turn. " I am an Englishman," continued he, " and I care not who knows it—there is my home ; and if I ever set my foot on that dear shore again, let me go to Davy's locker if they again catch me in this land of Frenchmen and Mulattoes,—Spaniards and Indians—Creoles and Negroes ; and the cursed quarrelsome Americans too ; If you look squint at them, you are on your beam-ends in a moment ; tread on their toes, bangs the word, and daylight shines through you."

As the honest tar appeared to be in a talkative mood, I determined to indulge his loquacity, and replied : " My good fellow, you appear to be quite out of humor to-day : I should conclude that you must have been shamefully misused : I have lived several months among these same Americans, and have no cause to complain of any ill treatment whatever."

" Several months !" echoed he, with an air of astonishment ; " why I had not been in port two days before I happened to tell a Kentuckian he lied ;—and by my soul he did !—when he gave me a broadside which stove in my lights—and before I could muster to quarters I was fairly carried by boarding—d—m him ! but it was the first time that Anson

Humber was obliged to strike his colours to a land-lubber."

" I admit," I replied, " that these Kentuckians are not the most polite people in the world ; but if you keep on the right side of them, you will find them your firm friends till the last moment."

" May I dangle from the yard arm this minute," cried the irritated sailor, " if I was ever able to tell the larboard from the starboard side of these fresh water lobsters : wear your ship which way you please, they always strike you across the beam, and are ready for raking or boarding—and by Nelson's right arm, peace to his memory ! I had rather ship the heaviest wave of the Atlantic than have one of these madmen to deal with."

" Perhaps," I replied, " you ought to blame yourself for some of the treatment of which you complain : You know when John Bull gets plenty of corn in his garret, he is apt to be a little proud and dictatorial."

" Likely enough," said he : " you know too that when a sailor gets his 'three sheets spread to the wind,' he fears neither God, man, or the devil ! all seas are clear, and he cares for neither shores, rocks nor quicksands. But what can be the reason you have escaped so well ? It must be because you are a gentleman :—No : that can't be the cause neither ; for here gentlemen shoot one another for sport."

" But that," I answered, " is a kind of sport I think I should not like—and the simple reason why I think there is no difficulty is because I have attended to my own affairs."

" Perhaps so," he replied. " Yesterday morning I got up early and took a tour up the river on—what-d'ye-call-it—lever—lev—lev—hang it ! let the name go"

" Levee, my good friend, you mean."

" Yes, that's it—on the levee where I saw a boat's crew anchor a waggon and approach the spot, where, like a rat in the hold, I was snugly hid behind some orange trees. A couple of them took their stations in line, and I perceived that as soon as they could bring their guns to bear there was likely to be some blood shed. Good, thought I, if you will only kill each other—the more the merrier. An attempt was made to induce one of them to strike his colours ; but he said they were nailed to the mast, and could not be taken down. The battle commenced, and the first broadside told well : One was damaged in the rigging, but the other was hulled and went to the bottom completely blood-logged."

"That was a curious affair, indeed ;—what became of the rest of the party ?" I asked.

"Why they made all sail for the city ; and as soon as they were out of sight, I steered for the same port, and soon found myself safely lodged in my old birth," was his answer.

During the latter part of the conversation, a person whom I had not before noticed, attracted my attention ;—his countenance, when I was able to catch a glimpse of it, under the large hat, which, with its nodding plume, covered his head, and was pulled down with an evident intention of concealment, betrayed considerable agitation ; and, while Anson was describing with the carelessness and volubility of an old seaman, the fatal duel he had that morning witnessed, he arose from his seat, and with hasty and irregular movements paced the deck, but maintained a steady and total silence. His form was not of that robust and muscular kind which indicates strength purely mechanical ; but there was a firmness in his step, a lightness in his movements, and an ease and gracefulness in his carriage, which denoted strength, quickness and decision. He was well dressed, and at his side hung, a sabre of the most formidable dimensions ; a pair of pistols showed themselves from his belt—but, as at this place all went armed, his appearance in this respect would excite no remark. His complexion had evidently once been fair ; but a southern sun had browned his cheeks till few lines were left of that roseate hue, which, from the traces visible where his curling hair had shaded his temples, it was evident had once predominated. His features were femininely regular, his forehead high and proudly arched ; while beneath eyebrows black and waving, shone a pair of eyes, which when agitated appeared to flash lightning, and at a glance penetrate the secret recesses of the heart. I confess I trembled involuntarily when my eyes met his as he started to his feet when Anson described his position during the duel. Brown as was his complexion, an instant flush passed over his countenance, and he placed his hand on the hilt of his sabre in a manner which showed he was accustomed to its use. It was however as instantly dropped to his side, and he resumed his former position with as much indifference as though nothing had occurred.—A pair of whiskers of the most enormous size shaded his cheeks and nearly met under his chin, proving the service to which he was attached, and completed the outline of the person who had so strongly engaged my attention, and who exhibited an appearance of coolness, daring, and intrepidity, which I had never before witnessed.

While I was surveying this person, Anson, undisturbed by my nonattention, had continued his chatter, and it was not until I heard the word *pirate* that I was roused from my reverie.

"What is it about the pirates ?" I inquired ; "was there any thing said about them in the City ?"

"Nothing," answered Anson, "but that there were some of the sharks off the river, and I heard one fellow swear roundly that he yesterday saw the piratical chief."

"Why," I replied, "did he not lodge an information against him, and let him receive the punishment due to such a crime."

"Ah, that is the very question I asked the fellow myself," answered Anson, "and offered besides to assist in securing him and taking him to the yardarm if necessary ; but the fellow said it would be as much as his head was worth to think of any such thing ; besides, he might want a favor himself in that line some day or other,—and it was best never to meddle with other folks' matters."

"Well, Anson," said I, "if they meddle with us we must pay them in their own coin,—and it will not be your fault I presume that they do not receive change to the full amount."

"No, it will not ; but they said," continued Anson, "that the chief of the gang killed a man yesterday because he recog—recog—recognized—I think they called it—and charged the fellow with being the robber of his vessel and cargo. I do not mean that he stabbed him in the dark, as a Frenchman or Spaniard would, but he told him it was false, so they shot at one another like gentlemen."

The stranger again rose from his seat and walked across the deck, but remained silent. By this time Anson had talked himself out of breath, and concluded to take a "bit of a nap" on the deck ; and, as the stranger appeared to shun observation, and showed no disposition to converse, we dropped down the river in silence.

(To be continued.)

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PAST TIMES.

Seated in the baronial hall of the demense given him by his master, Alfred, Duke Edrick was surrounded by his vassals, and, in receiving their oaths of allegiance, he fancied himself even equal to the sovereign of England. Many a Danish mother had to mourn the effects of his prowess—many a Danish maiden had strained her eye over the whitened shore expecting the return of her lover, whom the swords of Edrick's followers had laid low in the dust. Deeds of honour had gained Edrick the love of his King ; and the wapentakes of Sussex were given him to reign over, as some recompense for the many leagues of land which he had caused the Danes to relinquish. His bosom was raised high in exultation, on finding himself Lord of so goodly a territory a territory lost by his father's disloyalty to Athelstan, but redeemed by himself on a return to his allegiance.

The hall of audience was extensive to the gaze ; it was built in all the majesty of feudal time—it rose in ample grandeur—simple and unadorned, save by the wavering trophy, the

hauberk, or the curiass, intermingled with the crossbow or the glittering spear. Looks of festive joy beamed in every visage, the was-sail bowl passed off, and returned, till Duke Edrick called the minstrel. All then was hushed, as the retiring wave from the distant shore, while the hoary bard sung of deeds of valour and of wisdom, achieved by England's Solon. In the midst of a crowd of warriors, like a brilliant star, shone Duke Edrick's daughter, on whom her father doated, and considered as the step-ladder to his ambition, and in prospect as a sharer of his monarch's bed. Imma's form was the most beautiful that can be imagined; she was fair as marble—her eyes were of celestial blue, lighting a face full of the most tender, bewitching, and expressive languishment—her cheeks were fresh tinted by the rose blossom, but her lips and teeth were such as a painter might attempt to imitate, but could never realise.—her hair, of clear flaxen, unadorned and unrestrained, strayed over her fine and falling shoulders; she bent forward to the bard's notes, as if in admiration of his theme, but the harpers strains were far from occupying her thoughts. Unhappy girl! she was dwelling on those, which told her misery must ever be her portion, and how much more she thought her fate was to be lamented than that of any other damsel. The lay finished, the bard regained his seat—the carousal again commenced and Duke Edrick roused his daughter from vacuity by a loud and deep reproach. He demanded, why she, alone, joined not in the general joy, on beholding him in the hall of his ancestors? Imma essayed to speak, but her words were inarticulate; she burst into tears, happily unperceived by her father.—Again the bard was inspired—he struck a prelude which enchanted all; they seized their arms, in rapture, as for the combat, but each tongue was silent, and all was hushed, save the repressed clank of armour, as the Knights regained their seats. The hoary musician's cheek was flushed with a hectic flush; a holy inspiration gave a fire to his eye; and while his fingers struck the chords of his harp, he sung the praise of the chieftain's daughter—he sung the praise of Imma—

“Fair as chaste, as chaste as fair.”

At such a congratulation, she arose, in virgin diffidence, and thanked him, though in a voice choked with sobs: and, overcome by the praises of her father, she cast her eye fearlessly round the hall, and sunk senseless into his arms. While the stern Edrick was chiding her, and the timid Imma was ascribing the acuteness of her feelings to some ominous cause, (which, in those days of superstition haunted, occasionally the strongest mind,) a confusion of sounds arose from that part of the hall from which Imma had withdrawn her sight; it broke out as though the foeman had them in his toils. As the smoke of battle rolls on in destruction—as the dust of the war-horse

approaches nearer and nearer still—so come the sounds of discontent to Duke Edrick's seat. “I heed thee not,” exclaimed Lord Hildebrande, in a voice above the din; “I tell thee to thy teeth, and I'll tell it who'll hear, Duke Edrick is deceived, and Imma is no longer as chaste as fair—she is wanton!”

At such a charge, again were murmurs loud and deep; they poured through the hall of audience. A hundred helmets shook, a hundred swords left their scabbards, but Lord Hildebrande again exclaimed, aloud, “By the Holy Ghost she's false; Imma has disgraced her sex.” “Proud Hildebrande, thou liest,” exclaimed Childe Edmund: the storm of passion shook his heaving frame—he snatched off his greave, it whirled in the air, and striking the accuser of Imma, who took the pledge and demanding the ordeal, swore to prove the charge. The affrighted Imma now raised herself, in conscience innocence; she indignantly threw back those tresses which would have hid her face; she would have defended with an undaunted eye, her character, but she met a father's reproachful look; a chilly paleness overspread her, and she bent like a lily in a storm, into the arms of Childe Edmund.

When Lady Imma awoke from her trance, every thing bore a dreadful silence; in vain she attempted to raise herself from her couch, her limbs appeared paralyzed; she put her hand to her head, her brain was maddening; it is true, a refreshing breeze burst in upon her from the open casement, yet it lasted but a moment; a hotter glow succeeded, and threatened to check all respiration; she gazed wildly around her; she paused, to think, but yet seemed fearful of recalling remembrance; she put her finger on the blood bursting lids of her eyes, distended with fever;—she pored over unconsciously, the storied painting, which the last rays of a setting sun emblazoned and reflected from the bay window; and a conviction of what was to happen dawning in her mind, she endeavored to shut out its reality; she shrunk into herself; a frightful slumber steeped her faculties in misery, and tortured her diseased imagination.

Such a charge as Lord Hildebrande's was not to be made with impunity. When the first storms of indignation were over, he was allowed to speak as follows: “Returning last, on the eve of St. Francis, from a border post, I entered a dingle in the forest; there I saw the Lady Imma rush into the arms of a man, who wore the scarf that now Childe Edmund wears. I am not mad—I am Lord Edkirk's friend: I pledge myself for the truth of what I now utter, and let her disloyal Knight defend her if he can.” In saying this, each warrior slunk away, to see the decision by mutual combat.

Fearful that violent emotions might rack the bosom of gentle Imma, Edmund left the call to seek her; love is seldom accompanied by prudence, or he had never sought a secret

interview. Now the Baron Edrick trembled with passion, and he swore, if guilty, to sacrifice both to his revenge. From the maidens of her house, Childe Edmund learned Imma was in her chamber. As he was the cause of the indignity which Hildebrande had offered her, he dared not subject her to another by entering the castle; he, therefore, saw her not, and, becoming a prey to the acutest anguish, he wandered about the dwelling, unconscious where he bent his steps. Childe Edmund, as he was called, had long loved the gentle Imma, and, ere she was aware, she returned his love; they feared it was impossible they could ever be united, but there was such a luxury in even their cheered hopes, that they rather chose to encourage a mutual attachment, accompanied with future misery, than to call upon the resources of sense and reason, and to use that fortitude which teaches us to endure misfortune patiently. Childe Edmund was merely the *protégé* of Duke Edrick, and, without a single quartering of nobility in his shield, had ever been viewed with contempt by Lord Hildebrande, as a protected vassal; this vassal had, however, been preferred to him by the Lady Imma, and he swore to be his ruin by bell, book, and candle.

Love, in those days, had no employment, save to chide the time with sighs and exclamations; for the life of a murderer was sacred, on being proved able to read and write; these attainments were not presumed to be those of a female; and a lady was deemed a prodigy who was enabled, by her pen, to carry on a correspondence. No pert chamber-maid was then the conveyor of a billet-doux. Thus Imma and Childe Edmund were obliged to vent their complaints to the air, to themselves, or to inanimate things, without consolation and without pity. "My father," said the unfortunate Imma, "believes me guilty, but I am not, and Edmund knows I am innocent: and oh! my dear mother, look down from heaven, pity your poor child, and shield her from despair."

The following morning, Imma arose unrefreshed from her couch; she walked as one whose soul was fled, but whose body was doomed to wander in unconsciousness: It was yet but twilight, and the spear and the lance trembled in the cold air; soon the guards paraded in a quick-step on their posts, and, at length all was bustle and animation. She had walked on the battlements, and seated like the genius of suspense, her tresses spreading in the wanton air, she started at the sound of the bugle; the chain of the draw bridge rattles—the portcullis rises, and a host of armed men pour from the keep, and form a procession.—Childe Edmund is preceded by a page, who bears his favor of azure blue; a lover gazes towards the castle—he seems to breathe a sigh towards her; a train accompanies him, and Lord Hildebrande, who, seated on a white charger, seems conscious of victory; they are followed by the herald at arms.

This appearance of knightly conduct darkens her vision—"He is going," she cries, "to sacrifice himself! and for me;" she uttered a scream, and fell, unheeded, on the terrace. Ill-fated maid! thy sufferings are, indeed, acute; if this be the punishment of presumed guilt, what ought to be that of conscious depravity? They had met, it is true, clandestinely, but angels might have been present at the interview; they met but to breathe vows of constancy, and to indulge in mutual sorrows, dearer to them than all the jocund hours of mirth. On returning to a sense of feeling, she crawled to her chamber, revived by the blood which flowed from a wound she had met with in falling; the cut she received in her temple was healed by a domestic, but the wounded heart rejected all mortal medicine; and her attendants, apprehensive of her fading reason, were fain to let her pursue her inclination. To paint the agonies of suspense, during a rencounter in which was engaged all she loved, is impossible—it was indeed intense.—At length, the sound of music proclaimed all was over—that the dreadful truth must soon be known. They play a mournful theme, and she rushes forward to behold the cause. The procession is only to be seen ever and anon in the distance, now lost among the hills, and now again emerging nearer sight. On a carriage, she at length perceives the stiffened corpse of one. Oh! the virgin, the blue scarf is wrapped round his body. An hysteric laugh bursts from her, as she runs to meet it; it is not her lover's form she would clasp, but with wounds staunch'd by the trophy of love, Lord Hildebrande's; a victim to his own evil passions, who dying, confessed the guilty assertions of falsehood. Even this would not have procured the consent of Lord Edrick, to give his daughter to Childe Edmund, had he not received letters from his King, inviting him to his marriage banquet, and declaring Edmund his relative. Childe Edmund then, by royal command, wedded the lovely Imma; the bard's song was once more heard in the hall, and the foeman spoiled not their delight.

BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

LIFE OF JOHN OVERS AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Before there was any bridge built over the Thames at London, in England, the conveyance was by a ferry, which used to carry passengers and goods from Southwark to the city by boats. This ferry was rented of the corporation by John Overs, who enjoyed it for many years. Though Overs kept several servants, he was of so covetous a disposition, that, to save expenses, he would not, even in his old age, abate any thing of his usual labor. From the time his wealth began to increase, he placed his money at interest, by which, in time, it accu-

mulated so much that his fortune was almost equal to the first noblemen's in the land.

This Charon had one only daughter, named Mary. She was pious and beautiful, and he took care notwithstanding his penurious nature, to have her liberally educated; but when she arrived at womanhood, he would not suffer any man to approach her. A young gentleman, however, took the opportunity, when the old fellow was picking up his penny fares, to get introduced to her company. The first interview pleased well; the second better, and the third concluded the match.

While these proceedings were going on, the silly rich ferryman, not dreaming but that every thing was as secure by land as they were by water, continued his former course. He was of so niggardly a disposition, that, to save the cost of a fire, he roasted, or at least heated, a black pudding in his bosom, while rowing over the water, of which he eat a part, and gave the remainder to his servants, as their dinner. Puddings were then a yard for a penny; and whenever he gave them their allowance he used to say, "There, you hungry dogs, you will undo me with eating!" He would scarce afford a poor neighbor the lighting of a candle, lest they should impoverish him by taking some of the light. He was also known to go in the night and scrape upon the dunghill, and if he could find any bones, he would bring them home in his cap, and have them stewed for pottage; and, instead of oatmeal, he would buy the siftings of coarse flour and with this make the poor servants their broth. He bought his bread at the market, not caring how mouldy or stale it was; and when he brought it home, he cut it into slices, and laid it in the sun, that it might be the harder to be eaten. Meat he would not buy, unless it were tainted, and therefore would go further in the family; and when his dog refused it, he said he was a dainty cur, better fed than taught, and then eat it himself. He required no cats, for all the rats and mice voluntarily left his house, as there were no crumbs left by his servants to feed them. It is said that, to save one day's expenses, he counterfeited himself sick, and the next day to die, and his body to be laid out; apprehending that whilst his body was above ground, his servants would not be so unnatural as to take any food till they had seen him in the earth, purposing to recover the next morning after the charge was saved; with this he acquainted his daughter, who, against her will, consented to satisfy his humor. He was laid out for dead, and wrapt up in a sheet (for he would not be at the expense of a coffin;) in his chamber one candle was set burning at his head, and another at his feet; which was the custom of the times. His apprentices hearing of the glad tidings, hoping to be rid of their penurious servitude, came to see the joyful spectacle, and supposing him really dead, began to dance and

skip about the corpse. One run into the kitchen, and, breaking open the cupboard, brought out the brown loaf; another fetches the cheese; and another drew the flagon of beer, and began filling their empty bellies, rejoicing in the expectation of future comfort, and of being freed from the hard usage they had endured. The old man lay quaking to see this waste, and thinking he should be undone, he could endure it no longer, but stirring and struggling in his sheet like a ghost, and taking a candle in each hand, was about to rout them for their boldness, when one of them, thinking it was the devil in his likeness, in amazement caught hold of the butt end of a broken oar, and at one blow beat out his brains. Thus he who tho't only to counterfeit death, occasioned his own death in earnest; and the law acquitted the apprentice of the act, as the miser was the occasion of it.

N. Line, the daughter's lover, hearing of her father's death, made all haste to join her; but alas! in riding quick his horse unfortunately threw him, just at his entrance into London, and broke his neck. This, and her father's death had such an effect on her spirits, as to deprive her of reason. The father, who for his usury, extortion, and the sordidness of his life, had been excommunicated, was not allowed christian burial; but the daughter, for money, prevailed on the friars of Bermondsey Abbey, in the absence of the abbot, to get him buried. When the abbot came home, and saw a new grave, he inquired who had been buried there; on being informed, he caused the body to be taken up, and laid on his own ass's back (for it was the custom of the times for the heads of religious houses to ride upon asses;) then making a short prayer, he turned the beast with his burden out at the abbey gates, desiring of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried.—The ass went with a solemn pace, unguided by any, through Kent street, till he came to St. Thomas-a-watering, which was then the common execution place, and then shook him off, just under the gallows; where a grave was instantly made, and, without any ceremony, the body was tumbled in, and covered with earth. The disasters coming so quick, and being troubled with a number of new suiters, the daughter retired into a cloister of nuns, and appropriated the money left by her father to religious purposes. Near to the place where he lived, and where she was born, she caused a church to be built and dedicated to the virgin; in memory of which, and that her name might live to all posterity, the people called it St. Mary Overs, which title it now bears. London Bridge originated from the public spirit of the priests of St. Mary Overs. Mary founded a nunnery, and endowed it with the money received from the profits of the boats. The house was afterwards converted into a college of priests, who not only built the bridge, but kept it in repair.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

Conversation between two Hibernians.

"Can you tell me where I'll find Suffolk-street?" "Is it Suffolk-street you want?"—"Yes; a want a cousin of mine who lodges there." "Then you'll not find him; he's gone away." "Do you know where?" "Indeed I do not." "Well, show Suffolk-street, honey; somebody there will tell me." "I can't do that thing." "Why so?" "Suffolk-street has gone away too." "And where did it go to?—may be my cousin has gone the same way." "Faith, then, if he has, he's gone to pieces."

ANECDOTES.

A venerable Friend and dashing *buck* driving their respective vehicles, met in a narrow road where neither could pass without the consent of the other. After some dispute as to which should first turn out, the *buck* drew a newspaper from his pocket and set about perusing it very diligently, upon which the Friend with characteristic composure, asked, "Friend, has thee another paper in thy pocket?" "No!" "Then when thee has done reading the one in thy hand I would thank thee to loan it to me."

A fashionable Doctor lately informed his friends in a large company that he had been eight days in the country. "Yes, (said one of the party) it has been announced in one of the Journals."—"Ah! (said the doctor, stretching his neck very importantly,) pray in what terms?"—"In what terms? why, as well as I can remember, in the following: "There were last week, 77 interments less than the week before." The doctor's neck was seen suddenly to shrink down, till his head nearly touched his shoulders; and shortly after afterwards he was missed from the saloon, to the no small diversion of the company.

A French traveller lately ventured to the summit of a glacier in the Canton of Glarus, which is 8925 feet high and covered with eternal ice. Before he reached the top, a glance into the immense abyss so affected the novice in climbing mountains, that he declared to the guide he was unable to move either backwards or forwards. All persuasion was fruitless; he burst into tears, exclaimed he should be starved to death, took out his pocket-book and wrote his last will, which he committed to the guide, with the necessary directions how and where to deliver it. Happily the latter succeeded in procuring assistance; but it was only by employing violence that they were able to force back into the world the adventurer who had achieved so whimsical and yet so distressing a dilemma.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

No. VIII.

"Mysterious woman! Be mine the task
"To scan your virtues and reprove your faults."

Though dress is itself no essential quality, we are induced to judge more of the real character and disposition from it than people are apt to suppose. We fancy it in its different modifications a mark of good sense, delicacy, and discretion, or of the very opposite defects. Every sensible woman, therefore, will study it so far as not to subject herself to unfavorable constructions. As the most commendable trait in the female character is modesty, it should always, as far as practicable, be indicated by the dress. "If" says an elegant female writer, "women knew what was their real interest; if they could guess with what a charm even the appearance of modesty invests is possessor, they would dress discreetly from mere self love, if not from principle. The designing would assume modesty as an artifice—the Coquette would adopt it as an allurements—the pure as her appropriate attraction—and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction"—But as the popular taste is generally perverted and as capricious as fashion itself, it may not be easy to determine what standard to adopt. Judgment and common sense are the only safe directories. Neatness and simplicity are always pleasing. The latter is necessary, the former indispensable to respect.—But this standard is very seldom observed. Instead of an unstudied simplicity, our ladies more frequently exhibit all the colours of the rainbow. The ribbons with which they are usually encumbered are selected for the brilliancy of their hues, and for the variety of their shades, for the purpose (as one would suppose) of withdrawing the attention of the beholder from the less interesting charms of their person. But we judge of beauty by the contrast, and many a countenance, upon which nature has been lavish of her charms, loses half its interests amid the useless combinations that pride and fashion have collected. The human countenance is itself a perfect landscape drawn by nature in one of her happiest moods; and there is in it an artless, innocent and captivating expression which no art can imitate and which no genius can improve.

It should always be an object to avoid singularity. There are those, who having neither personal nor mental qualifications to recommend them, endeavour to attract observation by the singularity of their appearance. This is a species of pride of all others the most disgusting, and frequently as well as justly subjects those who indulge in it to the most humiliating mortification. There are certain fixed and general rules by which we judge of the propriety of every persons appearance.—

Where the multitude violate these rules, multiplicity lends a sort of sanction to the innovation ; but we look with little complaisance upon the individual, who singles herself out as the contemner of all rule, and of popular opinion. Such habits may sometimes have their foundation in nature but oftener in bad education and self conceited independence. True independence of character does not consist in a total disregard for the opinions of others ; but in maintaining that firm and dignified course, which conciliates esteem and commands respect. It is far better to appear as most people *are*, than to pretend to determine what every one *should* be.

A lady's dress should always be appropriate to her sex. Among the popular follies of females, their fondness for imitating the gentlemen in their costume is not the least prominent. Whether this is a result of the high regard they entertain for them, or a conviction of their superior taste in the arrangement of the toilet, we shall not pretend to determine. But whatever may be its origin, and though sanctioned by rank and influence, certain it is, it derogates much from her loveliness, and gives her the air of an Amazon. Every thing about a female should be feminine and characteristic of that tenderness and delicacy we expect to find in these guardians of human virtue and of human happiness. A lady appears as unseemly and ridiculous in the masculine fashion of the modern riding-dress and chinchilli, as would a gentleman in petticoats, flowing with lace and ribbon.

Great attention should always be paid to the age of the individual. There is a very strong propensity in those who have passed the meridian of life to assume the habiliment appropriated to earlier and of course happier days—This disposition, however, is in some degree pardonable. As we sink in the vale of years, and life begins to lose its attractions, as the prospect before us becomes dreary and disheartening, we look back with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret upon the halcyon scenes of youth. We insensibly associate the happiness we then enjoyed with every object with which it was connected. The aged matron recurs with pleasure to the time she fondled with her doll—and the war-worn veteran to the day he gamboled to the musick of his rattle. Some assume the costume of youth, as though its pleasures would again return ; others retain it to an advanced period, in the vain belief that it will secure them against the ravages of time ; while a still greater number with equal weakness but more pride assume it for the purpose of being thought young. But whatever may be the motive, the practice is highly indecorous and unbecoming. Matured years or infirm old age arrayed in the fanciful decorations of youth, appears like the leafless branches of the oak adorned with the violets of May, or the sable livery of autumn clad in the

verdure of summer. Such examples wherever they are to be found, are not only disgusting but productive of the worst consequences. Young people claim the right of indulging in more ornament than those more advanced ; and when the mother exhausts her ingenuity in the decoration of her person, it is impossible to set bounds to the pride and extravagance of the daughter.

The different periods of the day should also be taken into the account. The same dress that would be decent and becoming in the morning, appears less so at noon and at evening is inexcusable. There are domestic duties to be performed, which require a considerable portion of the day. While engaged in these, the dress should correspond with the employment ; and there are few situations in which a female appears more interesting than when engaged in the domestic duties of private life—those duties which render home, what indeed it is, a haven of happiness, a consecrated retreat from the storms and tempests that agitate an angry world. But when the business of the day is ended, and the hour for social festivity arrives, attention to the person is not only commendable but necessary. And here we should be inexcusable not to observe, that in this respect females furnish an example as honorable to their sex, as it might be useful to ours—and which it would be well to imitate. The general neatness of their appearance is such as not only to escape censure, but to command the applause of the most fastidious taste.

OBSERVATOR.

SUMMARY.

A pump has been invented at Baltimore, which is said to work almost of itself, and to raise the water to any given height. The expense of making it is small, and the plan simple.

Thomas Campbell, esqr. author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, &c. is said to have a new volume of Poems in the press.

Persons are now employed, surveying between Granville and Whitehall, in this state, for the purpose of selecting the most eligible route for cutting a canal to intersect the northern canal.

Spots on the Sun have been observed at Boston ; two of which are stated to be so large that they may be easily seen with a common spy glass ; with a powerful telescope, nearly twenty are visible.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, in Columbiaville, by the Rev. Mr. Carrique, Mr. JAMES CLARY, to Miss ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM.

In Athens on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Joseph Prentiss, Mr. GEORGE G. WILLIAMS, to Miss HARRIET FITCH.

Died.

At Nantucket, on Friday, Oct. 22d. at the house of Mr. Timothy Folger, Miss LUCRETIA S. FOLGER, daughter of Mr. Benjamin F. Folger of this city, in the 21st year of her age.

In this city, on the 3d inst, ORRIN B. LOVEJOY, aged 3 years and 3 months.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE MANIAC'S TALE.

The moon had set on hill and tower,
The night was drear, the rain fell fast;
'Twas the lone screech owl's dreary hour,
Whose voice was heard amidst the blast.

The Maniac's cry now rent the air,
Her tale was soft in strains of woe;
Once she was gay, and O, how fair!
Now hear her notes of sorrow flow.

My garland's wove, my bower is drest,
But my false love is far away;
He was t' have been my only guest,
For him I cull'd the flow'rs of May.

For him I rear'd the roses sweet,
The myrtle and the laurel twine;
And Flora's wreath, for true love meet,
Gay verdure rich, and eglantine.

But now those blissful hours are gone,
To me unfaithful he has prov'd;
I'm left alone to weep and moan,
Ah no, like me he never lov'd!

My heart doth beat, my brain doth burn,
My garland's wove, my bower is dress'd;
My pulse is strong, my head doth turn,
He was t' have been my only guest!

O gentle stranger! grant thine aid,
Let cypress and yew together grow;
And wrap me in your tartan plaid,
And strive to sooth the maniac's woe.

I took the wand'rer to my arms,
A hectic flush o'erspread her cheek;
Her bosom heav'd with love's alarms,
Her voice was low, her look was meek.

Her hands and eyes to Heav'n she cast,
She thank'd me with her dying breath;
And now she cried, the worst is past!
She bless'd me in the hour of death.

Finish'd now is the Maniac's love,
And thus inconstant mortals prove.

ODE

On the Death of a Young Lady.

Untimely gone! forever fled,
The roses of the cheek so red,
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smil'd.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And "dust to dust," the mourner cries.

O! from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne!
Vanish'd forever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair with my first ideas twi'd,
Thine image oft will meet my mind;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head
Before we dwell among the dead?
Scarce in the years of youthful prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time!

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!

No after friendships e'er can erase,
Th' endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;
And love, the blossom of an hour!
The spring of fancy, cares control,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Vers'd in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart forgets to beat!
The blood runs cold at int'rests call;
They look with equal eyes on all.

Ye Gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affection ne'er grow old;
Ne'er may the human glow depart;
Nor nature yield to frigid art.

Still may the gen'rous bosom burn,
Tho' doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn!
And still the friendly face appear,
Tho' moisten'd with a tender tear!

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The Eye

PUZZLE II.—Because they are Sparkled.

PUZZLE III.—A Barrel.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a clergyman's horse like a King?

II.

Why fine ladies squeezing wet linen remind us of going to church?

III.

What word is there of eight letters, four of which are the same?

IV.

You are requested to make one word of *Red, Nuts* and *Gin*.

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Is printed and published every other Saturday, at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson.